

ATLANTIS.

Proud Isle of the long distant ages,
Ward land of philosopher's dreams,
Thy name, in all history's pages,
With mystical radiance gleams;
Enchantment, her glamour of glory
Has cast like a mantle o'er thee,
As Time has repeated thy story,
Lost gem of the sea, Atlantis,
Atlantis! lost gem of the sea.

Bright sunshine no more glides thy mountains;
Thy slopes are enshrouded in night;
Undeclared are thy clear gushing fountains,
Once crowned with silver-blue light;
All hushed are thy bird-voices, once gladly
Resounding o'er valley and lea;
Slow tides through thy forests sweep sadly,
Lost gem of the sea, Atlantis,
Atlantis! lost gem of the sea.

Sunk in ruins, thy palaces nestle
Where flung thy riches fearlessly roam;
Far above thy rich fields the staunch vessel
Sails swift through the high-tossing foam.
Thy monuments, fallen and shattered,
Can give to tradition no key;
The threads of thy banners are scattered,
Lost gem of the sea, Atlantis,
Atlantis! lost gem of the sea.

Thy sons lie at rest 'neath the waters,
Their tombs 'mid the coral groves placed;
And with them repose the fair daughters,
Whose presence thy mansion-halls graced.
All at peace are thy foes and defenders;
Slept by side, sleep the slave and the free;
What now are thy kingdoms or splendors,
Lost gem of the sea? Atlantis,
Atlantis! lost gem of the sea.

What scenes of earth's newness e'er
Were rimmed by the curve of thy shore,
Ere came mighty Nature's decision,
"Stand thou before heaven no more!"
What tales of heroic endeavor,
What wisdom of word from degree,
Are sealed in thy bosom forever,
Lost gem of the sea? Atlantis,
Atlantis! lost gem of the sea.

Great mother of nations unnumbered,
Once teeming with manifold life;
For centuries past thou hast slumbered,
Unmoved by thy silver-blue strife.
Man's curious questioning scanning,
Close-hidden thy secret shall be,
Till thou greetest eternity's morning,
Lost gem of the sea, Atlantis,
Atlantis! lost gem of the sea.

AN AWAKENING.

"Will you come down to our place
next Monday, Charlie, for a couple of
day's shooting?"

"Monday? Yes. Delighted, old
chap."

Then the friends proceeded to settle
details. They would meet at the station
and go by the 5:30 train, which
would land them in comfortable time
for dinner.

Now, if Charles West had a weakness,
it was that he was prone to be a
little oblivious about time, and was in
the habit of running his engagements
rather fine. The Monday afternoon,
to beguile the time between luncheon
and the train, he called on a pretty woman
of his acquaintance, and she was so
amusing that he stopped until the last
moment and then jumped into a hansom,
telling his Jehu to drive like the
devil. Unfortunately, his own watch
had stopped (he forgot to wind it up
the previous night), and how could he
know that his hostess' clock was a
quarter of an hour slow?

When he arrived on the platform he
was met by his servant, who, with a
countenance inexpressive of emotion,
pleasable or otherwise, informed him
that the train had departed, bearing
Captain Leslie with it. The Captain
had left word that he hoped Mr.
West would go by the next train, which
would not until 8:30, and reached D
at 10:15. He would drive the dogcart
over to meet him—it was six miles from
the station.

Charlie swore exhaustively. He was
not ill-tempered, but surely, if a man
might be justified (which I by no
means admit) in indulging in bad
language, here was a case in point. To
find yourself in the east end of London,
with two hours and fifty minutes on
hand; to have foregone a pleasant
dinner and evening; to have put your
host to great inconvenience and probably
to have given a bad impression to his
family before your arrival—all these things
are extremely vexing.

But, having a tolerably happy dispo-
sition, Charlie, after his first outburst
of wrath and disgust, took it very well.
He got into another hansom, returned
to his club at the West End, read the
papers, dined lightly and took excellent
care to be in time for the 8:30.

It was a slow train; it stopped at
nearly every station, and arrived at
last, thirty-five minutes late. His
friend, who had time to recover his
first feeling of resentment at Charlie's
foolishness, inconsiderateness, met him
cordially. The dog-cart was capacious,
and they managed to cram in the ser-
vant and luggage, and went off at a
sparking pace to the coast. The
moon shone brightly, the roads were
excellent.

"Jove!" uttered Charlie, drawing a
long breath. "How good everything
smells, and what a blessing it is to get
out of London."

They drove through a long avenue of
trees and came to a big, old-fashioned
red house with a great mere shining
like a mirror in front of it.

"I expect," said George Leslie, "that
we shall find everybody gone to bed;
all my people are tremendously
early."

And so it proved. The friends re-
freshed themselves in the dining-room
tete-a-tete, then returned to the smok-
ing-room, and the hour of 1 had given
tongue from the stable-clock before
they thought of turning in. Leslie
showed Charlie his room, spacious and
tapestry-hung, and the young gentle-
man, having drawn back the curtains
which the housemaid, after the manner
of her kind, had hermetically closed,
and thrown open the window wide open,
retired to bed, to sleep the sleep of the
just. He awoke en sursaut by hearing
his name. "Charlie! Charlie! do wake
up!" It was a pretty fine nine o'clock,
and Charlie was not in the habit of
being called in this fashion.

He started and looked up. What he
saw was a slim young lady, with a very
pretty figure, in a blue cotton gown
and the back of a charming head with
golden plaits. The fair one was look-
ing out of the window and apostrophiz-
ing him at the same time.

"It is such a glorious morning; aren't
you ashamed of yourself, you great
idle creature, to be lying there missing
all this lovely sunshine? Do get up and

come out with me before breakfast."

Charlie is not shy, but a very decided
feeling of embarrassment creeps over
him. Of course it is a mistake. He
has known some rapid young ladies in
his time, but never one who would have
come into his room to call him before
she had ever been introduced to him.
But how on earth was he to intimate
to her that she was in error about his
identity? She had called him Charlie,
too! Leslie's name was George, and he
had no brothers. In any case it was
rather a strong order for a girl to come
into any man's room who was not her
brother.

Charlie buried his head under the
clothes, and awaited the denouement.

It was not long in coming.
"Charlie," said the fair one again,
and this time her voice indicated that
her face was turned in his direction.
"If you don't wake up this instant I will
throw a wet sponge at you. You are a
lazy pig!"

Then he heard her proceed to the
washing-stand and dip a sponge in the
water, and partly wring it. Next mo-
ment, with unusually good aim for a
girl, it bounced on his head, which was
protected by the bedclothes.

Charlie smothered a laugh, it was be-
coming too ridiculous.

"Very well, then," said the voice, ap-
proaching; "I shall come and drag the
clothes off you."

Now he must act with promptness.
He raised himself a little and put the
clothes just far enough back for his as-
sailant to see his laughing blue eyes.
The damsel stopped midway in her ca-
reer; an expression of stony horror
flashed into her face; her cheeks dyed
with crimson, and uttering an agonized
little groan she turned and fled.

Charlie laughed all the time he was
getting up. He could not help wonder-
ing how she would meet him at break-
fast. By Jove, what a pretty creature
she was! Would she tell any one or
would she ignore the incident? He
would take his cue from her. The fam-
ily were all assembled in the breakfast-
room when he came down, and he was
presented to his host and hostess; to
three nice, fresh-looking girls, Leslie's
sisters, and a fair young fellow about
his own height and coloring as "my
cousin Fane." But where was the
fair, his charming visitor? There
was no other place laid at the table,
and breakfast came and went and she
did not appear. He heard the other
girls address the cousin as Charlie, and
comprehended that that was the young
gentleman for whom he had mistaken.
Still he did not approve of a girl, such a
pretty girl, too, making so free with a
cousin. "A brother is all very well,"
etc. It was evident that no one knew
a syllable about the event of the morn-
ing. Every time the door opened Char-
lie looked toward it; his eyes wandered
over the lawn into the garden. He was
almost distraught.

"Have you any more sisters?" he
asked of Leslie, as they walked to-
gether to the shooting, a little apart
from the father and cousin.

"No, only those three," replied Les-
lie. "And quite enough, too."

Charlie was completely mystified.
He did not shoot as straight as usual;
his thoughts were distracted by the
pretty, golden-haired creature who had
aroused him from his slumbers. He
could not have dreamed it—no, there
was the wet sponge on his bed when
he got up.

The shooting was over; he and Leslie
were strolling homeward along the
road, when a smart little village cart
with a trotting pony, and freighted
with two ladies came toward them.

"This is our parson's wife," said
Leslie. "Such a good sort—I must in-
troduce you to her." And, as he made
a sign to the charioteer, she pulled up,
and Charlie saw her companion was
his far friend of the morning.

"How are you, Mrs. Grey?" cried
Leslie, cheerily. "Let me introduce my
friend West to you. Mrs. Grey, Mr.
West; Lil, Mr. West."

Lil made the slightest motion of her
head, without meeting Charlie's eyes.
Leslie indulged in some gay banding
with Mrs. Grey and Charlie, though he
felt slightly embarrassed, tried to make
conversation with Miss Lil. She an-
swered "yes," or "no," as occasion re-
quired, and never once raised her eyes
to his face.

"Do come up and dine to-night, Mrs.
Grey," entreated Leslie; "my mother
would be so awfully pleased. I'll go
home and get a note from her if you
think it necessary."

Mrs. Grey appeared to waver; then
Charlie distinctly saw Miss Lil pinch
her friend in a meaning manner.

"Many thanks; I am sorry, but I can-
not possibly manage it to-night," Mrs.
Grey answered. We have so much to
do still for the bazaar."

"Lil, you young puss!" cried Leslie,
"what do you mean by deserting us in
this way? It is a very poor compli-
ment to West, here."

"We are so busy settling about the
bazaar," replied the young lady.

"Well, I suppose you are coming
home sometime to-night. Shall I
walk down and fetch you?"

"Do!" said Mrs. Grey; but again
West saw the surreptitious pinch, and
Miss Lil replied hastily:

"No, please don't. Mr. Grey will
see me home. I do not know when I
shall be ready."

The pony was getting impatient.
"We must be off," said Mrs. Grey.
Tommy is in a hurry." And away they
few.

"What do you think of our parson's
wife?" asked Leslie.

"Not much the end of a parson's
wife," replied Charlie. "By Jove!
what a figure, and what a fit her jacket
was!"

"She's the right sort," said Leslie.
"It would be a deuced good job if there
were more like her. Bring a lot more
sinners to repentance!" and he laughed
merrily.

"Who is the young lady with her?"
asked Charlie, trying to speak indiffer-
ently.

"O, that is Lillian Fane, my cousin,
Charlie's sister."

"A feight seemed taken from his
friend's breast.

"O!" he said with a gasp of relief.
"Tiresome, capricious money," ex-
claimed Leslie. "She must take it
into her head all of a sudden this
morning to fly up before breakfast
toward Mrs. Grey. It is all rubbish
about the bazaar; it is not to be for

another month. Just because I
wanted you to meet her. She is capi-
tal company and sings divinely. Just
like a woman. Last night asked a
dozen questions and was quite inter-
ested about you, and this morning
flies off without stopping to set eyes
on you."

A smile curled Charlie's upper lip.
"She is lovely," he said. "It is very
unkind of her."

"Nasty little vixen," retorted Leslie.
In his heart Charlie was secretly
provoked. Leslie's sisters were nice,
cherry, fresh-looking girls, but they
could not hold a candle to Lillian. He
was dying to see her again. He had
never felt such an interest in a girl be-
fore. She did not make her appear-
ance that evening, and the following
morning at breakfast she was still ab-
sent. He was piqued. It was simply
ridiculous for her to go on shunning
him on account of a stupid little coun-
terparts that might have happened to
any one.

"I'm afraid," he remarked with a
touch of pique, as they were standing
in the hall waiting to start on their
shooting expedition; "I'm afraid it is
I who am driving Miss Fane out of
the house."

"Humbly!" returned Captain Les-
lie. "Why should you?" Then, as a
sudden thought struck him, he turned
on his heel and went into the morning
room.

"Mother," he said, ask Mrs. Grey
to dine to-night, and make Lillian come
back, whether or no."

As Mr. West was a gentleman of in-
dependent fortune, and she had three
daughters, Mrs. Leslie was not alto-
gether displeased at the pretty cousin
having absented herself.

"Of course I will ask them, my
dear," she replied; "but they are so
busy with their bazar that I am not at
all sure I shall persuade them to
come."

"If you don't," observed Leslie
pointedly, "West will fancy you are
keeping Lil out of the way on pur-
pose. I am pretty sure he thinks so
now."

"George!" exclaimed his mother in-
dignantly, "how can you say anything
so absurd?"

"Well, take my advice, and have
her back to-night," and Captain Leslie
departed without giving his mother
any time to make a rejoinder.

He had, however, said quite enough.
Mrs. Leslie forthwith put on her bon-
net and went down to the rectory. She
found Mrs. Grey and Lillian sitting un-
der a tree together making a languid
pretense of needlework. Mrs. Leslie
greeted both affectionately. "We par-
ticularly wanted you to come up and
dine with us to-night," she said to the
rectress; "and this haughty, truculent
mistress must remain away longer," smiling
sweetly on Lillian.

"Oh, aunt, we are so busy!" cried
the young lady, plying her needle vig-
orously.

"You must not quite forget, my
love, that you are my guest," said her
aunt, with a certain amount of digni-
ty and a tone that implied reproof.

Lillian understood it and colored
deeply.

"I shall be delighted to dine," in-
terposed Mrs. Grey, hastily; "and you
must not blame me for monopolizing
so much of Lil's time."

"I do not blame any one," returned
Mrs. Leslie, naively; "but I hope to
see you both at dinner to-night."

So, as Miss Lillian had no desire to
offend her aunt, she overcame her re-
pugnance to meeting Mr. West, and,
to that gentleman's great delight, he
had the pleasure of taking her to din-
ner that same evening. Two or three
neighbors had been invited. But, al-
though Charlie had an immense fund
of small talk and was reputed excel-
lent company, he failed altogether in
inspiring any interest in his far neigh-
bor. She appeared, as she was, per-
fectly uncomformable, and only re-
sponded to his sallies by monosyllables.

It was a glorious moonlight night,
and after dinner some of the young
people went out into the gardens.
Charlie watched his opportunity and
pounced on Lillian, keeping her engaged
in conversation until they were sepa-
rated some little distance from the
others. Then he said suddenly, and
without a slight flutter at his heart:

"Why will you not speak to me?
Surely it is not my fault that such a
stupid little accident should have oc-
curred. Why need you bear malice
because I was put in the room that
your brother had been occupying?"

In the moonlight he could see the
swift crimson racing through her fair
skin.

"I—I shall never, never get over it!"
she said, putting up her hands to cover
the flames that were burning her face.

"What can you have thought of me?
If any one were to know it, I should
never hold up my head again."

"I hope you think I am a gentle-
man," cried Charlie, indignantly. "I
suppose you don't think one word
would ever pass my lips on the sub-
ject?"

"Will you swear it?" said the dis-
comfited maiden.

And he swore by all his goods. Af-
ter that she became more friendly.

He had up to this time entertained a
rooted averseness to matrimony—even
now he could not quite make up his
mind to propose to Lillian, but thought
he would wait and see how he felt. He
was delighted to find that she lived in
London, and struck up a tremendous
friendship with her brother, whom he
bade to dinner and many other enter-
tainments. Every day after he was
parted from Lillian he felt worse and
worse; he began even to think that it
was the best thing in the world for a
young man to settle down, and that the
constant presence of a domestic angel
must make Heaven of earth.

So when Lillian returned to London,
Charlie, aided and abetted by his name-
sake, contrived to see a great deal of
her. He was invited to dine at her moth-
er's house, and one evening, when he
had inveigled her into the charming
conservatory that led out of the draw-
ing-room, he, in the midst of pretend-
ing to admire a flower, turned suddenly
to her, and in a voice that was a little
unsteady, exclaimed:

"O, Lillian, can't you see how awfully
in love I am with you?"

Lillian looked down. She made no
response to his words or to the pressure

of the hand which seized her's.

"Don't you care a little for me, dar-
ling?" he asked.

Lillian turned away her head.
"You have quite forgiven me for
what happened at the court, haven't
you?" he pleaded, maladroily.

She dragged her hand from his and
turned a pair of flashing eyes upon
him. "If you dare remind me—she
began.

"No, I won't, I won't," he interrupt-
ed her. "But, don't you see, darling,"
—and just the least twinkle of mis-
chievousness came into his blue eyes—
"if you feel so dreadfully bad about it,
it would be all but quite straight by
your marrying me. Then you may
throw any number of wet sponges at
me without any quinquams of conscience
afterward."

This was too much. Lillian tore her-
self from him and rushed into the
drawing room. He followed her.
Merrily for him, no one else was
there.

"Forgive me, darling, and say that
you do care a little for me," he pleaded,
taking her hand for the third time.

"I—I will think about it," she mur-
mured.

"Think now," he said, kissing her
whether she would or no.

And ultimately she decided to make
him happy.

Backbone of the Continent.

The pass through the "Garden of
the Gods" is a particularly novel and
interesting spot. The rocks here have
been gradually worn away by the attri-
tion of ages, and have assumed the
most odd and grotesque figures. A
little stretch of the imagination and
one is immediately among the gods
and heroes of Grecian and Scandina-
vian mythology.

We reached our destination a little
past noon, and after refreshing our-
selves with a most abundant and in-
viting lunch by the side of a clear, rip-
pling brook, we proceeded to take a
view of the "Seven Falls." This is a
magnificent cataract, with a perpen-
dicular fall almost equal to that of Ni-
agara. There are seven flights of
steps by which you ascend the moun-
tain, where you gain a better view of
them than from below. Standing here
we are impressed not only by the
beauty and sublimity of the falls, but
we feel the inspiration of the spot.

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A FAMOUS ORATOR.

Recollections of Sergeant S. Prentiss,
the Noted Southern Lawyer.

A number of gray-haired citizens
have stood in front of the painted liken-
ess of Sergeant S. Prentiss, now on
exhibition in the counting-room of
The New Orleans Picayune, admired
his faithfulness to life, and recalled
scenes in the life of the gifted orator
and great lawyer.

Recently a reporter saw standing be-
fore the picture of Prentiss a venerable
looking gentleman, and there was
something more than mere curiosity in
the eye of the looker-on. The specta-
tor was Hon. M. M. Cohen, the oldest
and one of the most prominent practis-
ing lawyers at the New Orleans bar.

"Do you remember much about
Prentiss?" asked the reporter.

"My intimate personal acquaintance
with the distinguished lawyer and
orator embraced but a few years," re-
plied Mr. Cohen. "I recollect that Mr.
Prentiss came to live in New Orleans
in 1845 and died in 1850. Before that,
in 1839, I remember that Mr. Prentiss
was invited to address our citizens at
the St. Charles theater, which was se-
lected to accommodate the ladies and
numerous admirers who were anxious
to hear him. In his eloquent address
on that occasion Mr. Prentiss said:
The ladies? God bless them! I would
bind up my brightest and best thoughts
into bouquets and throw them at their
feet. The ladies of Poland threw their
jewels into the famished treasury of
their bleeding country. Our grand-
mothers, having no jewels, molded
their pewter spoons into bullets to fight
the battles of the Revolution. This
speech was so greatly admired that, in
order to again enjoy an eloquence so
rich and rare a public dinner was given
to him. In 1844 a whig mass conven-
tion was held in New Orleans, which
was addressed by Mr. Prentiss in his
usual brilliant style. This speech was
likewise so much admired that he had,
by request, to deliver another in the
Arcade. The members of the conven-
tion, in procession, marched to the St.
Charles hotel to pay their tribute of
admiration to their great leader, Mr.
Clay. He made a brief address and re-
plied Mr. Prentiss, who had been
perceived by the throng, was very
crossly called for. Mr. Prentiss, point-
ing to Mr. Clay, only said: 'Fellow-
citizens, when the eagle is soaring in
the sky the owls and the bats retire to
their holes,' and he disappeared."

"A public meeting was held at
Clapp's church to procure funds for a
statue of Franklin. An address was
delivered by Richard Henry Wilde, an
eloquent Irishman, an able lawyer, and
the well-known author of the popular
piece, entitled 'My Life is Like a Sum-
mer Rose.' Mr. Prentiss was awak-
ened from a nap at the St. Charles hotel,
and was carried to the meeting, which
he addressed in rapturous strains of elo-
quence. He concluded by saying that
specimens of art would soon abound
where he now saw so many lovely spec-
imens of nature."

"In 1845 Mr. Prentiss delivered a
brilliant and glowing address before
the New England society, of New Or-
leans, in which he said: 'The vessel
that carried Caesar had an ignoble
freight compared with the Mayflower.'
At a subsequent meeting of the same
society, after the lamented death of
Mr. Prentiss, a toast was offered to his
memory. This was responded to by
one whose remarks were only conspicu-
ous for the absence of all that limon-
ous wit and glorious eloquence which
the more name of the beloved Prentiss
brought back to our memories."

"In 1847 a public meeting was called
by the citizens of New Orleans in aid
of the starving Irish. I remember
that Mr. Prentiss concluded his touch-
ing address on that occasion in the fol-
lowing words: 'Go home and look at
your family smiling in rosy health, and
then think of the pale, famine-pinched
cheeks of the poor children of Ireland,
and I know you will give according to
your store even as Providence has
given to you.' At the time of this ten-
der and feeling appeal Mr. Prentiss was
every moment expecting to hear of the
death of his eldest sister. In fact she
died a few days after."

"In 1848 I heard Mr. Prentiss argue
a case before Judge Strawbridge.
When it was concluded, all aglow with
intense admiration for Mr. Prentiss, I
went to the judge, who had heard Mr.
Prentiss for the first time, what his
honor thought of him? He replied:
'I was greatly disappointed.' In great
dismay, I asked the judge in what re-
spect he was disappointed. He an-
swered: 'I had heard Prentiss spoken
of as a great orator; I found him to be
a great lawyer. Where I expected
flowers of fancy and ornamental figures
of speech, glittering trophies and met-
aphors, he gave me profound, able, and
learned argument.'

"I recall, among other instances, two
illustrations of Mr. Prentiss' wit. One
was that, on asking Mr. Prentiss why
New Orleans was called the Crescent
city, he answered that the crescent
moon had her horns and some people
in this city like to take a horn. An-
other instance was when, in 1850, he said
that he was carefully dieting, and that
pastry, fruit, especially apples, are
malis prohibita. Now, you know, *malis*
is the Latin for apples and also for
evils. *Malis prohibita* is a law term
signifying evils prohibited by law."

"Mr. Prentiss was a genius, but this
is not the time and place to discuss the
question whether Buffon was right when
he said 'Industry searches and genius